



The New Arts Building and Grant Hall.



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Torkom.

The Story of a Struggle Against Odds.

CHAPTER III.

THE RESOLVE OF DESPAIR.

IT was a beautiful Sunday morning in June that the Missionary, obedient to the call of the needy, mounted his horse and rode down the gentle slope of the hills to the lake at the south-west. The letter that had called him was simple but eloquent.

"Dear Brother in Christ,

The wolf has scattered the sheep of my flock and I am not allowed to go to offer them comfort. May I ask you, a brother shepherd, to tend to my sheep? They need you at Kara-Hissar.
Bishop Yeghia.

Uskub."

Of the awful massacre at Kara-Hissar this was the only news that had reached the ear of the Missionary. But trouble was in the air, and the veiled threats and boastings of less wary Mohammedans had come like the rumbling of an approaching storm. The very redness of the sunsets had seemed to pre-sage blood. And so he recognized the seriousness of the call and went. At the lake a large caïque, rowed by three sturdy men, took him to Uskub, a large town on the shore farther up. The hot sun beat relentlessly upon the party for the hour that it took them to go. At the railway station at Uskub the officials would fain have stopped him. "There had been a little row, truly. But it was a small affair. An Armenian and a Turk had quarreled over a bargain. The Armenian hit the Turk who rushed at him with a knife. Some Armenians interfered and clubbed the Turk to death. But the police had captured these men." That was the official report. There was nothing else. Still it would be better for him not to go, because the people were disturbed and there might be more trouble. Any one of them would be glad to go and bring him news of any of his friends, but the muttesarif¹ has specially requested them to see that he should be kept from putting himself in danger.

1. Muttesarif—Civil governor of a province.

But the Missionary saw through the flimsy explanation of the officials. He well knew that every attempt would be made to conceal the truth and that already false reports, branded as "official," were being spread, both to lull the people into a false sense of security and also to "pull the wool" over the eyes of the representatives of Christian Europe. And that knowledge made him doubly anxious to go. So he claimed the privilege of free travel and protection which his passport gave him and went to Kara-Hissar.

The smoking ruins of the market place could be seen from the train and as he left his car for his ten minute walk up the hill the wind came to him reeking with the smell of rotting carcasses. In that foul air, amid blackened walls, he saw people searching for their dead.¹ Especially around some dry wells were the people gathered where the wives and children of the butchering Turks had cast most of the bodies. What comfort could he offer these people? Here he saw pools of blood; there where the head had struck, while the body was being dragged along, the brain had spattered the corner of some building or the sharp edge of a stone. Bits of hair and skin and blood again. With a sigh of relief he turned into a side street where he might be free from the sight of the carnage, if not from the awful stench that was breeding all sorts of disease under the sun's hot rays. Here the houses had not been touched, for the massacre had been confined to the main street and the market place. And the Missionary, having seen enough to make a true and ugly report, now sought out the house of the chief man in the Evangelical¹ community, who should conduct him later to the houses of the chief sufferers.

The door of Torkom's house was shut when the Missionary arrived there. Even the latch string was pulled in and the bar was up on the inside. And at first there was no response to his knock, for the terror stricken inmates knew not at what time the elated Turks might return to the slaughter. They knew not that the government had ordered the massacres to cease until it was seen what effect the revelation would have on apathetic Europe, and that then if possible the massacres were to be repeated in every important community of Armenians in the country, nay, even in Constantinople itself under the very noses of the ambassadors of civilized Europe.

But one of the inmates of Torkom's house gathered courage, peered through the lattice work of an upper window and seeing who it was at the door came down and opened it.

"God bless you, my child. Is your mother in?"

But the only response is a nod of the head, for her downcast eyes are eloquent of the shyness which keeps her quiet, for as the Missionary seizes her head in his hands and gently turns her face up he sees that the eyes are red from tears which have long since ceased to flow and that terror has left its mark. So he says nothing, but holds one small hand in his firm grip and makes his way up the narrow flight of stairs. At the top he is met by one of Torkom's brothers, the other has not been seen for days. Quietly

1. Evangelical church—The community formed by those who welcomed the reforms preached by the American missionaries and were forced to leave their national church.

he steps towards a small room darkened by the shutters in front of the windows. And here by the bedside is the kneeling figure of a woman, her hair dishevelled, her whole posture revealing the despair that has broken her heart. She had long since ceased to mourn her husband, though she could never forget him. For years she had been comforted in her children, especially in her youngest boy Torkom. But now one son is lost and another, her Benjamin, her brightest and dearest child, is dying. At last her proud spirit is broken and Torkom's mother has given herself up to utter hopelessness. Her frightened weeping girls and dull, but kindly, eldest boy can not wake her from the stupor in which she moves while tending her patient.

In the bed lies Torkom himself face down. He can not move, for besides being bruised and beaten all over he has four ugly dagger cuts on his head and an equal number of wounds on his back from stray bullets; and these latter wounds the skilful mother has cupped after the most approved fashion. Dropping the hand of the child who pauses in fear at the threshold, the Missionary enters the small room. The woman at the bedside does not move until he steps to her side and lays his hand on her head. Thinking he is one of her children she cries out impatiently,

"Leave me alone. Is it not enough that your brothers are lost but you must come and trouble me? Tavit is dead! Torkom is dying! Life is no more a pleasant thing. Let me die with him, for the light of mine eyes is going out."

"Woman," came the gentle but authoritative tones. "God is not dead."

"Who are you that you talk to me of God? Does God see all the sorrow that has broken my heart? Does he let the Turks kill all his people and will he not interfere? Will he not save his people? Ah, will he not save my boy? My God! My God! Save my child! No, Torkom will die, he will die. And then I will die, for I am dead already."

"For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you," is the reply.

The strange voice and the strange answer compels her to look up. And seeing who it is, she casts herself at his feet and in an agony of tears which she had not been able to shed before, she cries out,

"Forgive me! forgive me! I have sinned. I said there was no God. But my Torkom,—if he lives I will believe there is a God. Will God save him? Tell me, will God spare him to me?"

"I cannot tell. Look to his wounds. Is he badly hurt?"

And at these commanding words the maternal instinct is aroused, and all else, fear, sorrow, despair, are forgotten while she fights with death for her boy.

As the Missionary passes to Torkom's side he opens his eyes. For a while he stares unseeingly and groans aloud in his pain. Then he seems to feel the presence of a stranger. Suddenly his face lights up, it is as if a cloud had passed away. No more do death and hate and misery misshape his face, but rather hope dispels them. He had thought he was alone with his mother and brothers and sisters in the midst of a dark world. He had

thought that no one knew and no one cared, not even God. But he was mistaken. The outside world knew and there was someone who did care. At least they were not alone. And if the Missionary loved them and cared for them enough to come to them at this hour, then God must care. This thought brought hope, and hope brought life.

"Bodvelli,"¹ he whispers, but he thinks he is shouting it out, "Bodvelli, is it you! God is good who has not forgotten us in our hour of trial. Give me your hand. Bodvelli, it is good. You thought of us and cared enough for us to come. God is good."

"God bless you Torkom and give you strength. You have had a hard time; but if God wills you shall live, for your mother needs you. I must go now, for there are others who need to be strengthened and comforted. But I will come again," replies the Missionary.

Then he bows his head and offers a prayer of petition and thanksgiving, and all the family bow their heads, for they have crept in, and wonder inwardly what it is that has changed this little room from hell to heaven. And after praying the Missionary goes out to visit other houses, accompanied by Torkom's brother. We need not follow him from house to house, for it will be merely a repetition of the story of despair and healing touch.

It is late when the Missionary returns. Torkom is more comfortable and a little colour has come to his cheeks. The shutters are open and a little fresh air has come in, for the wind has changed and blows the stench away. The evening meal is only bread and cheese; the larder is empty and no one dare go in search of food. And after the meal the Missionary sits by Torkom's side while he tells his story. A part we already know.

"While I lay there," Torkom is saying, "only half conscious, I heard the loud curses of the Turks and the shrieks of the Armenians. Around me lay many dead and dying, and their groans filled my ears. I suppose I groaned also. Then the mobs passed away. I think a cannon was fired.² Then I saw Turkish women and boys and girls came and tie ropes around the legs of the bodies that were lying around and drag them away as you would the body of a dead horse. And all were not dead whom they dragged away. My turn would come next. Would I be dead when they came to me? If I were alive I would fight. I tried to raise an arm, but I had no strength. And then I was glad, for that would have told them I was living. I shuddered as I lay. How long I lay, I know not. Suddenly there was a sound of singing and shouting and guns were fired. I opened my eyes and saw a party of Turks on horseback, and behind each, tied to the saddles, were Armenian girls, virgins and married women, going to be buried in harems, not as wives but as concubines, the victims of Mohammedan lust. And there behind the foremost man, whom I recognized, was the girl to whom I was betrothed. She was not weeping and shrieking like the rest, but held herself straight. And I knew that whatever they might do to her they could never rob her of her pure soul and her trust in God. And I was glad when

1. Bodvelli—Reverend.

2. Cannon were frequently fired as the signals to cease the massacring.

I saw her torn dress and dishevelled hair, for I knew they had not seized her without a fight. I tried to rise and stop them but I could not. Then I tried to shout but I could not. I was in a frenzy of anger and helplessness. And as I lay I planned revenge, for I knew God would let me live to revenge myself; and a mad sort of exultation came over me. And then I thought of what she must suffer before I could save her. At the thought I shuddered, for I had heard their vile stories and their boasts—in the market place—of their ungodly deeds. And then I swore a solemn vow that if God would give me back my life, I would not rest an hour until I had visited with death the Turk who had seized her, a death far more cruel than he had ever dreamt of. God has granted my prayer. He has given me life, and I shall keep my vow."

Torkom was pale and trembling with excitement as he finished his tale. But it had been impossible to stop him and his eyes fascinated the Missionary. The mother sat in the corner, rocking from side to side and moaning. For a while all was still. The stillness was broken by the Missionary.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

"Yes. But we are the instruments to do God's will."

"True. But how does God mean to repay sin? Will he visit it with death? Will he not rather forgive and seek to lead the sinner back? You can do no good by killing the Turk. The harm will be done, and his death will not undo it. Forgiveness is the only true vengeance."

"Forgive!" and fine scorn was in Torkom's voice as he uttered the word. "Bodvelli, if you loved a girl whose face was as fair as a lily and her heart as white, and if you saw her in the power of a man who you knew had not a pure thought in his heart, and if you knew he was even now despoiling her whom you meant to make your wife, would you speak of forgiveness? By the cross and by all that is holy I swear," and he seemed to hiss out the words, "I will not rest until I know that he is dead." Then as he tried with lifeless arms to clutch the air in the intensity of his hate, he fell back exhausted to cry out, "O Lord, how long?"

The Department of Literature—Harvard.

IN deference to a wish expressed by certain correspondents, the writer forwards the following, conscious that a very brief sojourn alone, has justified him in going so disconnectly into the subject.

The Department of Literature at Harvard has been frequently quoted as the largest and most efficient that is at present in existence. Mere size and equipment, it is true, do not always postulate efficiency in any organization and as to the latter encomium the writer has not had the comparative experience for enabling him to judge. It is true, however, that the annals of the past show that the results of the work done in this department have been eminently gratifying. Indeed one could go farther and say that a stranger after a brief residence here might wonder greatly had the results been anything else.

In all its branches the University has a splendid equipment. This is not due altogether to its wealth, for it is by no means the wealthiest college in the States. It owes nearly all to the peculiar fortune of its past and to the loyalty of its alumni. The college came into existence in 1638, when the country was in its infancy. It grew and developed as the first university in the land; and it absorbed the material data which under other circumstances would now be distributed among various institutions of somewhat lesser consideration. Added to this was the practical loyalty of a wealthy alumnus and now Harvard with its libraries, its laboratories and its museums is little other than the national fount of learning.

The place has been fortunate in its men and in its leaders. The funds of the University have within recent years made possible the payment of generous salaries, while the status of the place has attracted hither many to whom the hope of financial reward could not have possibly been any inducement.

It is generally believed that a department in the humanities has not that room for external equipment which is so readily credited to a department in the sciences or in medicine; and yet Harvard is an exception to the general rule—that apart from a select staff of professors and a copious library there is no other force that can be brought to bear. She has other auxiliaries, no doubt in some respects of less intensity than Heidelberg's or Oxford's, but nevertheless external aids that in a very true sense may be regarded as additional equipment.

The location of a scientific school in a mining district or in a section rich in geological specimens is undoubtedly held to be a great advantage, while proximity of a medical school to the hospitals is generally deemed indispensable.

Something of the same relation holds between a school of literature and the atmosphere of the place in which it is situated. Harvard is possessed of whatever advantages this country affords in that particular. She has been the cradle of many great Americans who have done some hard thinking and strenuous acting in times past. The country is the country of Washington, Edwards, Everett, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Thoreau and Parkman—one could stretch the line out to infinity.

For a student if anything, Boston is a place of never-ending interest. Even in retired Cambridge one has the distant hum of a great city in his ears. And it is not all hum. In the city there is the union of the old with the new. One can look upon the antique buildings, many of them now libraries and museums, with the modern life roaring around them and can reconcile the present with the past—the early prospect with the wonderful fulfillment. For such as may not see how this pertains to the student of literature and to the equipment of the University, for such, it is to be feared, literature has been too much a matter of books.

No college can be in existence for nearly three hundred years and be without its legends, its sentimental associations, and its horrors. For any

who may regard these ghosts of past experience as part of a literary equipment, Harvard can supply even them in unstinted measure.

Some of her buildings whose appearance is not positively uncanny, have at least a quiet old-world look not noticed even at Yale, incorporated some time afterwards by Harvard graduates.

The old-worn appearance, it must be confessed, grates sometimes upon the spirit, as for instance when one is ushered into the cellar of old Massachusetts Hall for purposes of examination—where one writes of “old forgotten, far-off things”—in a dismal place occupied by the Revolutionary troops in 1776, and which has every indication of having never been attended to since its evacuation by the Sons of Liberty. It makes the student cry out for historical sweetness and more light.

The narrow plank benches of this old hall are lacerated in a remarkable manner by the jack-knives of past generations. Unfortunately, one not uninteresting search failed to discover the engraven name of anyone who had since amounted to anything.

So much for one phase of the subject. The Department of Literature includes the studies of English and Comparative Literature, Old French, German, Scandinavian, Old French, Provincial Anglo-French, Comparative Philology, Old and Middle Welsh, Old and Middle Irish. This outline can treat but of the first sub-department and that, briefly.

It is sufficient to say that all the sub-departments are relatively well equipped both by instructors and attendance. It takes all sorts and conditions of people to make a university and if the attendance in the above list were represented by some species of graph, it would be found to have the appearance of a wedge—Starting off in English and Comparative Literature with some four hundred graduate students and tapering down to some three or four men at the end caught in the act of imbibing Old Irish and Pagan Idolatry.

The students of the Graduate School meet in the same classes with the advanced under-graduates and have the felicity of profiting by the collective brilliancy and ignorance of a truly wonderful composite. This relation maintains only in courses open to both. In courses for graduates only, others are excluded, unless “by special consent of the instructor,” which is in danger of becoming rather a hackneyed phrase.

The life of the class-room is decidedly democratic. The relation existing between professor and student is frankly personal. A stranger dropping in for a lecture, in one of the large, modern lecture rooms, might remark upon a seemingly curious air of indifference. Coupled with the perpetual noise of street-cars outside, there is a feeling of continual unrest, manifested in persistent coughing, shuffling and rustling of which an analogy is only to be found in church, after the deliverance of an uncommonly long prayer. The students in one or two classes, when not sufficiently interested in what the professor is saying, contract the newspaper or sleep habit, but always courteously desist, or awake, when called upon, and answer volubly. Nothing can disconcert a Harvard man for he is never expected to be disconcerted,

and there is nothing that could deprive him of speech, except a serious affection of the lower maxilla.

These aspects, it must be remembered, are but appearances and first impressions, and a little exaggerated at that. It would be unfair to emphasize them when so severed from the peculiar environment with which they so naturally harmonize. As a matter of fact, there is, on the whole, an established air of true decency, seriousness and intellectual activity which is highly to be commended in the student body of this great University.

The Harvard 'culture'—so-called, which so many people are apt to regard as something of a fallacy, appears, nevertheless, to have a very real existence, and it does not exist by any chance in the air. "Atmosphere" is an unfortunate word and used often to enshroud nothing but airy phantoms. The lecturers and the associations and location of the University contribute a respectable quota, but the so-called "culture" is evidently more a product of good, hard and very serious work on the part of the undergraduates who come to this College. It is hard to imagine a culture that has any other basis, and when any other basis are advanced, it may be that those who advance them, have been caught up rather too suddenly into the air.

The work in English ranges from freshmen courses in language formation, general literary history, composition and public speaking, to advanced courses in composition and debating and to advanced courses dealing with the great literary currents, English and classic drama and dramatic technique. This year the most popular courses are apparently, *The Beowulf*, (Prof. Kittredge); Chaucer, (Prof. Schofield); Shakespeare, (Prof. Kittredge); Milton, (Prof. Neilson); and the pre-revolutionary drama, (Prof. Baker). Another popular course is given on *The Novel* by Prof. Bliss Perry, Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. A half course on Browning is given this year for the first time by Prof. Briggs, another of equal popularity is given on *Modern Literature* by C. T. Copeland. There are numerous others in this department whose importance is not determined by their popularity as is the case with such alluring courses as Mätzner's *Altenglische Sprachproben*, *The Arcopagitica*, *Scottish Literature*, *The Literature History of America*, *King Arthur*, and the *English Bible*.

There are ten different courses, or rather courses and half courses, (the same applies to the above), offered in the field of Comparative Literature of these; *The Early English Metrical Romances*, *Tendencies of English Literature in the Renaissance*, *Romantic Movement in the 19th Century* and *Literature Criticisms since the 16th Century*, are the most representative.

It is a matter of surprise to discover how little American Literature is studied here, that is, apart from the general course given on it by Prof. Wendell. Aside from Jonathan Edwards, Poe and Lowell and some recent dramatic critics, the name of an American man of letters is scarcely breathed. Even our honored teacher Emerson suffers in this depression, which testifies that a prophet may be without honor even in his own college.

It may be interesting to note that in addition to Prof. Rand of the Philology Department, and Prof. Munroe of Government, there is in the Literary

Department another Canadian, Prof. Schofield, who by reason of extraordinary researches abroad, in the field of Mediaeval Literature, has risen to a prominent position in this college and in the world of scholarship at large.

Harvard is not more partial to Canadians than to any other class of men, but she takes a good man, where, when, and in whatsoever way she can get him, and as a consequence, reaps the benefit of such cosmopolitan policy.

Another important figure in the literary circle is Prof. William Allen Neilson, of Edinburgh, a remarkably able lecturer, who has recently become famous by reason of his having revived Shakespeare for the 11th time. There have been a good many such revivals but it is probable that Prof. Neilson's edition will ultimately come to be the standard textual authority on the work of that great playwright.

A study of criticism is one of the strongest features of the Harvard system, but the reading entailed is so wide and so varied that the results are in danger of having merely the appearance of thoroughness, and coming to be simply a superficial overhauling. The so-called culture acquired may not bear over close scrutiny and might be likened to the marble statue, polished on the surface but rough enough beneath, or it is in danger of being only too aptly compared to a shell, which when cracked open reveals nothing whatever within. The art of selection it is possible to practice always, but it is an art that must be cultivated by the student as it is certainly not a big product of the University.

The light of Germanic influence which has flooded Harvard for ten years is a little on the wane. There still linger strong evidences of it and in the Department of Literature this influence is marked by the historical method in criticism.

Each instructor has his specialty and draws from it the dregs. A stranger after the first couple of weeks would be inclined to remark something as follows. The attitude of the men as a body is too objective. They stand apart from the subject and seem to treat it as a science. The purely literary element shrinks almost to nothing—art, style and so forth are scarcely kept alive. The element of humor comes in too frequently and the element of reverence seems very often wanting.

In a few months these appearances resolve themselves and the student finds that the great literary currents are being tapped and made to give up their meaning. The pall falls from his critical vision and he sees more clearly than before that literature is only a method—a means as Economics, History, Philology, etc., are but means to the common end of knowledge which is the understanding of man in all the complexity of changing social relations as well as in his attitude toward outward things.

To one accustomed to our way of looking at things at Queen's it requires some little adaptation. If that were happily effected one would see that neither system is all sufficing, that neither are they incompatible, but make for a combination in literary methods which is more satisfying to the student than either alone could possibly be. One system seems apt to lay

stress on the artistic side, the other apt to be lacking if the student's aesthetic appreciation has not been developed sufficiently to help out his understanding.

If this article has hinted in any way at what may appear to be deficiencies in the Harvard system, it will be remembered that such is not its purpose, nor does it lie within its scope to pursue a similar policy with reference to our methods at Queen's. It is only necessary to make the common-place observation that in a growing university like Queen's, two men, be they ever so strong, can hardly be expected to accomplish the work of twenty-four. In one sense, however, they can accomplish what many men might fail utterly in doing, and that is to develop in the student of literature, a profound subjective attitude to what is beautiful in his subject, with which, goes aesthetic enthusiasm, reverence, and all that is higher and spiritual in the literary approach.

The writer, whose attitude to such topics when at Queen's, was of anything but a serious nature, can nevertheless imagine just this fine side of literary culture developing in the serious student of literature at that Canadian university.

Whatever may be the advantages of a large institution—and often they are many and great—it is the privilege of the Queen's man to live under a favorable literary regime, and having done so, his satisfaction will be but widened and deepened when the threshold of his oracles is left behind.

Cambridge, Mass.

R. J. L.

The "Yell."

THAT Queen's is unique in every respect is doubtful. We have many things here similar to other universities, e.g., professors, students, lectures and—exams, but that she is absolutely unique in one respect, viz., her Yell, no one can deny. Every college has its own peculiar yell, although many of the yells are simply variants, containing the same words only in different combinations. Queen's, however, departed from the trodden path and struck out on original lines, going back to the ancient and honourable Gaelic, and from it derived her Yell, that slogan which has fired the blood of more than one football team and spurred them on to win the victory.

The necessity of a college yell is obvious and it is surprising to learn that Queen's survived so long without one, for the Yell as we know it, came into existence only sixteen years ago. Previous to that date, no doubt the students yelled, but a uniform college yell was lacking, and its want keenly felt. In the records of the Alma Mater Society, at the meeting held Oct. 3rd, 1891, this minute is recorded, "that, (1) there be a committee appointed to select a University Yell, (2) that students be requested to hand in written suggestions, not later than Wednesday evening, contributions to be placed in the box in the Sanctum door." The committee appointed, carefully examined, and no doubt practised the various yells handed in, but none proved suitable. Some one suggested that a highland slogan would be the real thing, if a suitable one could be composed.

The original committee being deficient in their knowledge of the "Eden

tongue," they added to their number two brawny Scotchmen, Donald Cameron and F. A. McRae, who were well qualified to give them the desired information. After some little difficulty they hit upon the idea of getting a translation of "Queen's forever" and in a moment Cameron gave "Oil thigh na Banrighenn gu brath," the yell was then easily completed. At the next meeting the committee reported and a motion was passed to this effect "that, the eloquent and instructive yell be received and recorded in the minute book." At the meeting slips of paper were distributed among the students bearing the following verses:

"Dearg, gorm us buidhe
Oil-thigh na Banrighinn
A Banrighinn gu brath
Cha gheill! Cha gheill! Cha gheill.

Phonetic syelling:

Jary gormus booe
Oil hi navanree
Navanree gu brah
Ka yale! Ka yale! Ka yale!

Translation:

Red, Blue and Yellow
Queen's! Queen's for ever,
Never say die.

The "Yell," however, was not yet adopted for at the meeting of Oct. 24th, 1891, a motion was moved to the effect "that a committee be appointed to secure a good (?) college Yell," it was moved in amendment "that we adopt the yell of last year beginning with "1-2-3 sis, boo yah!" There must have been Saxons in the camp that night, but the Sons of Old Scotia were true to their colours for when the amendment to the amendment—"that we adopt the yell received at previous meeting, with this modification that Queen's, Queen's, Queen's, be inserted in place of Dearg, gorm us buidhe"—was carried by a good majority—at least good in quality. It is not always advisable to adopt a motion that has two amendments, but time has proven in this case the choice was wise, for the slogan has stood the test of time and grows more popular with the passing years.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

B. Johnson.



CICERO

QUIS EST? THIS IS CI-CE-RO. WHAT IS HE DO-ING? HE IS MAK-ING A SPEECH IN BAR-BAR-OS JU-VEN-ES. DO YOU KNOW THAT CI-CE-RO SKATES? O YES, WE HAVE HEARD SO. ARE YOU NOT GLAD HE SKATES? O YES, NO-THING PLEAS-ES US MORE THAN TO WATCH HIM. HER-CU-LE!!

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To the Editor:

There is a question which I would like very much to see dealt with in the Journal, and that is, the advantages to be had in going to Turkey, if not as a permanent missionary, at least as teacher under appointment for a period of from three to five years. The disadvantages of such a step are unfortunately so obvious as to be the first things that strike us. They are, (a) The great distance from home, (b) The consequent necessity of agreeing to stay at least three years if one's expenses are to be paid both ways, and (c) The totally different customs and ideals that prevail out here. This list should, however, be regarded rather as an advantage, for, besides cultivating the very useful qualities of tact and adaptability, it enlarges our vision and our sympathies. To have to look at questions, political, social and religious, through the eyes of peoples of different temperaments and different ideals is good tonic for the soul.

The advantages, however, seem to me to surpass the disadvantages. They are, (a) The opportunity of seeing the old historic places both in coming out and in returning, and also during vacations while here. (b) The opportunity of studying at first hand a variety of peoples, most of whom have, especially in the interior, retained almost intact the customs of Xenophon's day, and (c) The opportunity of engaging in a work that is as valuable from a cosmopolitan, if not from a Canadian standpoint, as similar work in Canada, and that is more interesting in that it presents novel features. We may consider these three points separately.

(a) Travel. This summer Mr. Kennedy and I visited the seven churches, taking in a few other towns also; touched at Athens; then went to Alexandria, Cairo, (where we visited the Sphinx and pyramids and ancient Memphis), Port Said, Joppa and Jerusalem, (taking in Bethlehem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan); then on horseback through Samaria to Nazareth, and thence to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee; from there by boat to a town on a branch line of the Mecca railway, then on to Damascus, Baalbec, Beirut, across the Taurus range of S. Asia Minor on horseback, and from Iconium to Ismidt (the ancient Nicomedia) by rail. This coming summer we hope to visit Italy and Germany, and the following summer to visit France and Great Britain. Last Easter we spent a week in Constanti-

nople, the most cosmopolitan city in the world; next Easter we hope to visit Brusa, the old capital of the Ottoman Empire and second to Constantinople since before the discovery of America; and the following Easter we may visit Troy.

(b) The people. In calling Constantinople the most cosmopolitan city in the world I have in mind the fact that, while in London odd costumes may be seen, in Constantinople they are always seen. If we stand for a few minutes on Galata Bridge, over the Golden Horn, the main "artery of traffic" between the ancient city, Istambol, and Galata, we shall see the latest Parisian gown and the American tight-fitting trousers jostling the baggy *shalvar* of Turkey and the flowing robes of the Arab. In the interior, however, costumes are more Oriental and customs are primitive. Here we can see the shepherd leading his flock, or rather the flock of the village. The grain is cut with the sickle, tied by hand, and carried away on ox-carts, while the poor glean the fields of the rich as Ruth did the fields of Boaz. Then the grain is tramped out by the "unmuzzled ox," and sometimes by a muzzled ox, on the village threshing floor. And while the peaceful dwellers in the valley till the soil after the fashion of their ancestors, the mountaineers and outlaws of Western Asia Minor and the feudal chiefs of Kurdistan rob and burn, and the government does not (and cannot) interfere,—for its only care is to get ahead of these robbers and itself rob the people with its scores of taxes legal and illegal, extant and obsolete.

(c) The work. The boys and girls of this land like school no more than those of the Occident, but there are also intellects in this country which, under favorable circumstances, might compete successfully with the best intellects of Europe and America. Marbles, cheating at examinations and playing hookey touch equally responsive chords in East and West. It is true that the Oriental's sense of honour is personal rather than ideal, that sin here lies in being found out, and that lying and cheating is normal and not abnormal, but this is all due to the re-actionary and tyrannical government under which this land has groaned since the days of the Roman Empire. The wonder is that after all they have borne, the people are able to rise to an appreciation of the nobler traits of character that have flourished in the free air of other lands. And so, along with its discouragements and in spite of the opposition of the government, the work has many encouraging features. Athletics, literary clubs, and Y.M.C.A's, are to be found in all missionary institutions,—though the difficulties in the way of travelling prevent inter-school matches.

As an example of the difficulty of travelling I may cite the experience of one of our students who went home for Christmas. As his parents live in Brusa he obtained permission to go there, but owing to the insecurity of the land route he decided to go through Constantinople. Now, it is in the interests of the government to prevent free interchange of thought among different sections of the people, by allowing no one to go anywhere but to his own place of residence, except in special cases, and then frequently under escort. So this boy was taken, under guard, to a miserable hotel in Con-

stantinople; from there to the Brusa steamer, which he missed through the tardiness of the police, and back to the hotel for another two days. Besides paying for his own hotel fees, he contracted a disease which spoilt the vacation for him and which he attributes to the filth of the hotel. He was not even allowed the choice of an hotel. He is not a suspected person, nor a criminal, simply a student. He is to be congratulated that he fared no worse for many do. Of course foreigners travelling are under the protection of their respective ambassadors and so get off with a minimum of annoyance.

It is to visit a land like this, every inch of ground historic, full of subjects of study for the archaeologist, ethnologist, and sociologist, a seething pot of misrule, where the ideals of government are in total opposition to those of a westerner, and where one has not far to go to meet with adventures that parallel the "good old times," that opportunities are offered to any who care to apply for a position. And if any should feel tempted to do so and will write to me, I will be glad to put them into communication with those who need their services.

I must not forget to add that there is also great need for medical men and nurses in the mission field, and also a great opening for American doctors and dentists who care to take up practice in the larger cities of Turkey.

L. P. Chambers.

Bardizag, Ismidt, Turkey.

Notes.

GYMNASIUM FUND.

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged, \$9,007.48. J. F. McCallum, \$5.00; M. R. Bow, \$5.00; W. H. Kirkpatrick, \$5.00; R. S. Stevens, \$5.00; J. W. Forrester, \$5.00; G. S. Fife, \$3.00; A. R. McSwain, \$5.00; Miss E. Mitchell, \$5.00; Miss G. Davis, \$1.00; Miss L. Burke, \$3.00; Rev. M. A. F. Lindsay, \$5.00; Rev. J. M. MacDonald, \$10.00; W. H. MacInnes, \$25.00; E. W. Brown, \$5.00; F. O. Orr, \$5.00; K. V. Gardner, \$5.00; Jas. Stott, \$5.00; G. E. Story, \$10.00; W. D. Kennedy, \$5.00; T. R. Ross, \$10.00; H. A. Connolly, \$5.00; D. A. Carmichael, \$5.00; W. Murphy, \$5.00; Prof. Brock, \$100.00; Dr. Etherington, \$25.00; Anonymous, \$2.00; '09 At Home, \$10.55; Dr. A. E. Malloch, \$10.00; J. W. Mitchell, \$5.00; J. J. McLennan, \$5.00; J. B. McKechnie, \$5.00; W. C. Rundle, \$5.00; H. M. Mowatt, \$5.00; Dr. Jas. Douglas, \$5.00. Total, \$9,326.03.

The Dramatic Club has chosen the following officers for the year 1907-1908: Hon. President, Prof. J. Marshall; President, J. B. Skene; 1st Vice President, Miss Ada Chown; 2nd Vice President, Miss M. Marshall; Secretary, R. S. Foley; Treasurer and Manager, J. G. McCammon. Committee—Miss J. Davison, Dennis Jordan, W. G. Neish and W. A. Sutherland. The executive thus formed are now considering the selection of a play for next season's work.

Ladies.

A FAVORITE topic of conversation among the girls at present is, "Going West to teach." There is a sort of magic about these words to some of the girls; they see before them the hand of Fortune beckoning them on, holding out all manner of pleasant experiences and at the end of six months a well-filled purse. For the girl who is putting herself through college, this opportunity of summer employment, with fairly good wages, is indeed a fortunate one; but she does not usually go west with foolishly mistaken ideas of what is before her. She needs the money and is willing to work for it. It is the girl who is in search of adventure and experience who is likely to have a sharp awakening to unpleasant realities. For, almost invariably, she has had no professional training and no experience in teaching. This makes doubly hard for her the cares and responsibilities of a teacher, which are at any time heavy enough. Then, as the trained teachers have choice of the best schools, the non-professionals are very often sent to the poorer districts or foreign settlements, where the surroundings may be anything but pleasant. Experiences they certainly may gain, but perhaps not of the kind anticipated. When a girl works hard all winter, and particularly so towards spring, and then, immediately after her examinations, assumes another heavy responsibility, giving neither body nor mind time for recuperation, she is subjecting her system to a pretty severe strain. She may be quite able to stand it, but it looks like a foolish risk in cases where there is absolutely no necessity for it.

Another question somewhat under discussion among the girls recently has been the desirability of holding the Levana and Y.W.C.A. elections, as we do, at the end of the session. Some of the girls seem of the opinion that the additional excitement or distraction of elections should not come at a time when the girls are already under a heavy strain, and have more work than they can attend to. They think the plan of the Alma Mater Society, with elections in December, or that of the Y.M.C.A., with theirs a little later, preferable to ours. It is true there is this disadvantage in holding our elections so late, but it is, we believe, entirely outweighed by the advantages of having an unbroken year's work under one executive. These executives, chosen in the spring, have all summer to plan their respective programmes for the coming year, and then, working together all session, are as a rule able to successfully carry out their plans, giving way at the end of the term to the new executives chosen to fill their places—which seems to us to be the most satisfactory method of obtaining good results from the work of our societies.

Owing to the number of varied attractions, the Levana meeting on Wednesday, March 6th, was unusually well attended. The main item of business was the receiving of nominations for the new executive. To the evident satisfaction of all the girls, Mrs. Goodwin was elected Honorary President by acclamation; in the same way Miss Millar was elected Convener of the

Programme. Committee. The list of nominations for the other offices was as follows,—for President, Miss Reive, Miss Greene; Vice-President, Miss McMichael, Miss Hiscock; Secretary, Miss Drummond, Miss M. Anglin, Miss Patton; Treasurer, Miss Thomas, Miss Cram, Miss G. Cameron; Poetess, Miss J. Reid, Miss Fargey; Prophetess-Historian, Miss J. Elliott, Miss A. Pierce; Sr. Curator, Miss Powell, Miss A. Stewart; Critic, Miss Code, Miss Shaw, Miss McInnes; Convener Athletic Committee, Miss Shortt, Miss Burke; Director Glee Club, Miss Sanderson, Miss M. Macdonnell. An extremely interesting programme was given, consisting of the history and prophecy, a piano solo by Miss Sanderson, and the Levana poem. Miss Stewart as Prophetess-Historian, gave an interesting resumé of the work of the Levana Society for the past year, and an even more interesting prophecy concerning the future fates of the members of the Levana Executive and the girls of the Senior year. It certainly is gratifying to think that the world will be blessed in a few years hence by so much talent, wisdom and domestic virtue! Miss Millar's poem, parts of which are given below, was most enthusiastically received. Dainty refreshments brought to a close this pleasant meeting, after which a sale was held to dispose of the magazines which had been on the reading tables during the session.

LEVANA POEM.

To sing thy praise Levana,
Our goddess heavenly bright,
So easy seems in prospect,
It fills one with delight
In the days of bright October,
When no thought of supps. arise,
But now some unseen spirit
Has changed these smiling skies.

Get "up and at it," cries she
Whose duty 'tis to spur
The lagging zeal of mortals,
Who last summer promised her
To prophecy and poetize
Deeming the honor great;
'Tis now they see their folly,
But Ah! it is too late.

The stern Convener urges,
We must some effort make,
To save the reputation
Which at present is at stake.
To sing of our Executive,
In fitting terms and true,
Would task the still of poets
In ages old or new

First comes our Honorary
 President, to whom we owe
 Sincerest thanks, for kindness
 Which she never failed to show
 To us in all our efforts;
 We never sought in vain
 Advice on any subject.
 Or sympathy to gain.

* * * * *

In a poem of such moment,
 'Tis not fitting to omit
 Some mention of those contests
 Of eloquence and wit
 Called debates, where each contestant
 Won glory for her year,
 As plainly was attested
 By many a hearty cheer.

Another shield is added
 To our trophy, which relates
 How nought seven was successful
 For three years in debates;
 And how her gen'rous spirit,
 As ever to the fore,
 Led her to give the cup back
 To grace the room once more.

But some there are whose talents
 Lie not in argument,
 Their zeal is for the drama,
 And to us they did present
 A score of pretty women,
 A handsome man or two,
 Who caused quite a sensation
 When they started in to woo.

Other histrionic talent
 Lay dormant here at Queen's,
 Till someone thought of "Alice,"
 And of those charming scenes
 In Wonderland, where Tweedledum
 Now met her puzzled gaze,
 And now the sleepy Dormouse,
 Who won deserving praise.

Two other entertainments,
 Given for the girls of Queen's,
 Were addresses by Professors

Familiar with the themes
Of poetry and painting;
To each we feel we owe
Our hearty thanks, for pleasure
Which his 'twas to bestow.

Our year is almost ended,
'Tis time to burn the oil
Of midnight,—not in dances—
But with aching head to toil
O'er Arnold, Koch and Rousseau,
O'er Stubbs and Kant, until
The brain is in a tumult,
And you're sure you must look ill.

But the glory and the honor
Of a scarlet hood,
Every line of toil and trouble
In a trice from every face;
And the girls of naughty seven
Bright-eyed, smiling, as of yore,
Leave their Alma Mater, welcomed
By the world's wide-open door.

Arts.

A MOST enjoyable social evening was spent by the Final Year, on Wednesday, February 26th. About four o'clock the members assembled in the Junior Latin room, where "those who as freshmen jubilantly hailed each new-born joke of 'Nickies,'" in imagination could still see this "little man in professorial garb," uttering those Greek and Latin accents, in a stentorian voice, amusingly at variance with his stature."

After some business had been dispensed with, a most excellent program was given: Miss Macdonnell played most beautifully, Mr. Beecroft, almost excelled his usually excellent singing, and Mr. Findlay's selections were much enjoyed. Besides these numbers, Miss Scott, the Poetess of the year, read a short but well-written poem, picturing in a bright and interesting way, some of the past and future glories of '07. Miss Millar certainly had received a prophetic inspiration from some source, for the prophecy pierced the mist of the future, and gave us a glowing account of some events which will take place before 1917, in connection with many of the members of '07.

Professor Shortt, the Honorary President, was present, and was received with a loud ovation, on rising to address the class. After some opening remarks, he gave an interesting talk on "Personality." Prof. Shortt emphasized the importance of the study of biography, because it is the personality which is the lasting thing in all individuals. The personality of a person depends on whether he moulds himself, or allows others to do so. Man

has much to do in his own making. Personality-making is a study of our capacity; of which there are two aspects, the realization of our individual powers and our relation to the world. We should not conform our ideas to others altogether, just because those ideas are commonly recognized, nor on the other hand should we be contrary to every idea of others. We should learn to study things and sift them for ourselves.

Professor Shortt then told two interesting stories of Principal Grant; illustrating two very important aspects of an attractive personality,—adaptability, or “perpetual youth,” as he called it and diplomacy.

At this stage, dainty refreshments were served, and as the sun sank in the west many remarked how typical was that sunset, to the passing of the glorious year '07 from the university sphere. But let us hope, that like the sun, the members of the famous class will soon appear as Prof. Shortt remarked, “as shining lights on the horizon of real life.”

‘THE LACKING NOTE.’

There are many sides to our college life here at Queen's; but sometimes we feel as if our lives were too much one-sided, either one way or the other. In fact, there seems to be something lacking, which anyone who has had anything to do with other universities, notices at once.

Many of us often feel, that in the way college functions have multiplied, that our social side is over-done. If we were asked this question, we would say, yes and no. If it is not the social side that is over-done, it is the social functions of one kind. The functions are not varied enough; they do not meet fully the demand of the social side of any student and especially of those students who do not care for dancing. The Science students and the Medicals, have both their Dance and their Dinner. The Arts men, can go to dances without end, but very few of them ever know when they leave the university, what a banquet is, or how to act at such an event. Would it not be well for the Arts men to institute such a function?

But the main feature we wished to point out, is the lack of that intermingling of the students in social inter-course and for discussion of the live questions of the day; that exchanging of opinions, which is so characteristic of life at Oxford, Cambridge, and the great American universities.

It is well known that at most American universities, for example, this system for social development is well-developed. It takes two general lines,—the Clubs, and the Fraternities. Separate buildings are provided, generally by outside subscription or by a single donation, and these buildings are partitioned off into club-rooms, recreation rooms, where students may meet, and discuss the subjects of the day, politics, philosophy or any subject of of common interest. These buildings are provided also with kitchens, and dining rooms where delegates, speakers, and visitors may be entertained by the several clubs.

Of course this is rather an elaborate system for Queen's to think of at present, with so much to be done on the central scheme of the University, the Gymnasium and Grant Hall. But this is what we should aim at. Some-

thing on a more modest plan might in the meanwhile be quite feasible; Toronto University, for instance, has something of this kind, in what they call "The Undergraduate Union." Any graduate may become a member, on the payment of four dollars, and this gives him the privilege of using the rooms, which are fitted up and kept by this Union. These rooms are about six in number, and consist of study rooms, conversation room, chess room, and a pool room, all fitted up in a very home-like way. Such a plan might be considered at Queen's, the only difficulty is, and that is a serious one, where are we to get the room?

Some will say, why we have our Debating Society, our Arts Society, our Alma Mater meetings, what more do we need? Yes, these are very useful, we acknowledge in developing formal debates and knowledge of parliamentary procedure, but there is still that, informal discussion, where not only a few, feel free to speak, but where every one is at liberty to express his view; and where the art of conversation, and quickness of wit is developed. Although we do not believe in breaking up the student body into "frats," as they do in some universities, yet we believe, that with the growth of Queen's, some such system as we have described above will become more and more necessary, not only to supply this "lacking note" in our college life, but to keep up the true spirit of Queen's.

Mr. Dennis Jordan, who represented Queen's at the McMaster College Dinner, and Mr. J. M. MacGillivray, who was the representative at the University College Dinner, both report having had an excellent time.

We are glad to learn that Mr. W.D. MacIntosh, who had to give up his studies lately, is very much improved in health, and is getting along very well.

The annual meeting of the Arts Society was again adjourned, last Tuesday, and a notice of motion was given that at the next meeting a vote be moved censuring the Concursus, for their negligence in reporting at the adjourned meeting, and for their action in avoiding that meeting. The members of the court have been taking this matter as a "huge joke;" but it is in fact a serious one.

The Concursus is a committee of the Arts Society. In fact in the constitution of the Arts Society, one of the objects of that Society is stated to be "to control the Iniquitatis et Virtutis and, when deemed advisable, direct its policy." Such being the case, Article XII., Section 9., that "all fines shall be handed over to the Treasurer of the Arts Society" would be quite a natural sequence.

The fines this year amounted to in the neighborhood of \$5.00, out of which the clerk reported having handed over only 47 cents. Now it is not because of the amount of money that was not handed over, nor of the way it was spent, that the members of the Arts Society are complaining, but on the principle of the situation.

If the Arts Society is to direct the policy of the Court, and control it as one of its committees, then the Court should be responsible to the Arts Society and should not dispense with any of its funds without consent of that Society. The constitution specifically states that, "all fines shall be handed over to the Treasurer of the Arts Society." The clerk "handed over" but 47 cents of the fines to the Treasurer.

It must be remembered that these fines are the property of the Arts Society and the Concursus has no more right to withhold them than the Treasurer would have to keep back part of the funds which he handles for the Arts Society.

We hope that the members will awaken to the seriousness of their position, and to the way in which the true dignity and purpose of the Concursus has been endangered by its own action.

Divinity.

THERE is perhaps no subject occupying more attention in the press, than the theological controversy which has been brought about by the statements made by Rev. R. J. Campbell. Any one reading recent papers and magazines could not say that interest in religious questions is decreasing. Few questions have received such general treatment from all sections of the press, as this one. It would be impossible for us to add to, or discuss the arguments which may be found in many newspapers in favor of, or in opposition to, Mr. Campbell's statements. We wish merely to refer to the character of some of the criticisms that have been offered.

Nearly all are agreed in recognizing the ability and power of the minister of the City Temple. It has sometimes been urged that the so-called New Theology destroys the power of the preacher. Mr. Campbell's experience seems to prove the statement untrue. There has been no minister of recent years who has had more power with the masses than Mr. Campbell.

Recognition of his ability, however, does not always secure him sympathetic criticism. Many critics utterly fail to understand his position. Others seem to be content to play to the gallery and in vague terms condemn this heretical doctrine. We do not, however, believe that all should agree with all his statements. Uniformity is apt to lead to stagnation. Truth comes only with conflict of thought. Thus we can respect the position taken by Drs. Horton, Clifford, and others, who while disagreeing with Mr. Campbell's views hesitate to condemn absolutely and wholly the work of this man. These are men whose faith has taught them that the truth must ultimately survive. If the "New Theology" lives it will be because it has in it some degree of truth. It may be that Mr. Campbell in trying to give his faith expression has embodied in his statement but part of the truth. But is it possible that earnest and sincere efforts of this man have but led to complete falsehood? Is it not more likely that out of all this conflict of opinion the world will be led to recognize some half-forgotten truth?

A few months more will complete for the graduating year their divinity course. Looking back upon our courses we must all see many things that we would change if we had it to go over again. Some classes we would omit, other we would take. Many of our mistakes were due to our ignorance of the nature of the classes; the benefit that would come from them, and the different courses open. Almost every freshman entering college must find this same difficulty. In vain he reads, and re-reads, the calendar for information that will help him to decide. Happy is he if he knows some experienced senior whose advice he may obtain. Unfortunately every freshman does not feel free to ask this advice. Would not a committee, whose duties it would be to entrust the freshmen in the mysteries of the calendar, be of practical service?

Some months ago a letter was received by the Missionary Association from Dr. King of Indore College, India, asking for men to go to India to teach in that college. Although Mr. J. A. Sherrard of Knox College has accepted an appointment, no Queen's men seem to have as yet realized the possibilities of the work there. The following extracts from a letter from Dr. MacKay which appeared in a recent number of the Presbyterian are of interest as describing the work there.

"In Mathematics, Philosophy, Science, English, etc., high class work is being done, and it is exceedingly interesting work as well as important. I can scarcely think of anything more attractive to a young man who has the instincts of a teacher. These keen, alert minds eager for knowledge, can take from him the best he can give and spur him on to do his best.

The staff here must be increased. The new Education Act requires it, and the amount of labor demands it. The proposal is made that a young man, a graduate in Arts come for three years with the privilege of returning if he desires at the end of that time. I find that at Beirut and Lahore that method is adopted and has become popular amongst the students. A young man can in that time learn to know the country and the people. If he likes it, he can continue and if not he can return having in the meantime earned a teacher's salary. In my judgment, having seen the ground, it is an exceedingly attractive opening. I am quite sure that if students appreciated it, there would be many candidates for the appointment. He must, however, be a good student, and if so, he will have a royal time.

The subjects to be taught can be selected according to taste, English Literature, History, Science, Philosophy, or Political Economy. Whilst that is not the way specialists do, it is the best possible in present conditions. A limited staff must proceed along lines of mutual accommodation."

Services in Convocation Hall last week were conducted by Rev. Mr. Dunlop, formerly missionary in Japan. Mr. Dunlop showed us in a concise and clear manner, the extraordinary progress in Christian missions in Japan. Facts thus presented are the best means of arousing interest in foreign mis-

sions and so bringing in recruits for the work. We hope that addresses of this kind may be frequently heard around Queen's. As Queen's students we are proud to recognize Mr. Dunlop as a graduate of high standing.

Medicine.

AT the last meeting of Y.M.C.A. the officers for '07-'08, were appointed. The following is the result of the election, President, W. Beggs; Vice-President, T. Ross; Secretary, J. Gandier; Treasurer, J. E. Galbraith; organ-



Dr. Mundell, Prof. of Surgery.

ist, W. Craig. During the past session the old executive have been able to secure good speakers at the meetings and it is to be hoped that the new officers will keep up the standard.

The time-table for the examinations was posted on the bulletin-board March 2nd. This year the exams. are over on April 16th, after which the orals and clinics take place. The time-table always has a stimulating effect upon the students and, already, various questions are asked as to the best methods of absorbing the contents of Rose and Carless, King, and Osler.

Dr. Cockburn, '06, is renewing acquaintances in and about the college halls. He has overcome the typhoid bacillus but has evidently forgotten to have the operation of epilation performed on his upper lip.

Rumor has it that our only "Cupid" almost fainted when he exclaimed, "Hail Caesar."

TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

The following extract will outline the career of some of our present final year medicals. They are to be published in the Journal of 1927, in which



Dr. Wood.

year the members are to have a reunion. Dr. J. P. McN-m-r-, president of the Aesculapian Society in his college days, now represents the people of Kananaskis in the Alberta Parliament. Rumor has it that he will be given the chair of Sanitary Science in Okotoks College. H. D. L. Sp-ne-, M.P., the joker of his final year yet enjoys life and *dolce far niente*. He is at present medical travelling companion to Mesdames Langenberg and Schwartzentruber now touring Greenland in an automobile in search of health and *spirits*. J. Q-gl-y, M.A., M.D., C.M., M.R., C.S., F.O.S., is working up an extensive practice in Sweet Potatoville, a thriving town on the shores of James Bay.

Joe says it is 128° F. below zero quite often. The doctor expects to tutor the polar bears in the terpsichorean art as a means of keeping warm.

C. L-dl-w, B.A., M.D., has been granted the degree of P.Q.X. by the royal association of art and enterprise for his research work in discovering the cause of ennui. The micro-organism is .07u. long and .009u. wide, non motile, aerogenous, pathogenic, stains with red rose tea. The learned gentleman has named his discovery the *Bacillus Languoracae Pyriformis Subcordii*.

G. St-r-y, is now surgeon-in-chief of the western division of the G.P.I. railroad. A friend of ours who met the genial doctor recently states that his full beard and portly bearing become him very much. The surgeon's son, Jack, promised our friend to come to Queen's for his degree.

B. -ss-lst-ne-, M.P., now practicing in the quiet little town of Verona, is meeting with great success having removed a heart in toto, the patient recovering in three hours. The Dr. has also won distinction on the race-track, his three-year-old filly, Annie A., having done a mile in 1.58. Despite the doctor's portly figure he insisted on being the jockey himself.

MacC-mbr-dg-, M.D., N.Y., B.S., specialist in mental and nervous diseases and exam. lists, is opening up an asylum for friendless old men and wayward infants in Tadoussac. The chief treatment is the feeding of lemons delivered by the R. & O. steamers daily at his sanitorium. His supervisor is H. M. B-w-n, his life long friend and confrere at college. H. M. is about to edit a book on the Differential Diagnosis of Multiple Sclerosis and Whooping Cough.

R. M. M-lls, M.P., the most famous goal-keeper of his day, is yet much interested in hockey, which is the only diversion of his busy life. The genial doctor is president of the Mills Hockey Club, which consists of his own seven sturdy sons. One of his special lines is the surgical treatment of frozen toes or amputation without an axe.

At the recent examination in Mental Diseases, A. H. Bennett led the list. Ben gets the prize of twenty-five dollars and all the best wishes of the class.

Drs. Mylks and Williamson addressed the A.M.S. on "First Aid to the Injured," recently and at the close of the lectures each received a hearty vote of thanks for their most excellent addresses. The Science men took copious notes and we are sure that the talks will prove of value this summer.

Science.

TWO ADDRESSES.

THE final year was favored with an illustrated address from the Honorary President, Prof. Gwillim. His subject was "The Early History of the Canadian West." Varying conditions were interestingly described from the first appearance of white men in the country up to recent times. Names were mentioned of men prominent in the country's early history; and the

struggles of the Hudson Bay Co., and North West Trading Co., were graphically outlined. One particularly fine view was shown of Mt. Robson, 13,800 feet above the sea level, the highest peak of the Canadian Rockies. This towering mountain, rising very abruptly, and situated near the Yellowhead Pass and the grandfork of the Fraser river, will be passed at close range by the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Needless to say, the year '07, greatly appreciated the address, coming as it did from one who is thoroughly conversant with the subject.

"Asbestos as the Engineer's Aid was the subject of Professor Nicol's profusely illustrated address delivered before the Engineering Society in the Physics lecture room. After indicating the location in Quebec of our Canadian deposits, and describing the mineralogical and chemical characteristics of asbestos, reference was made to the many uses that have been found for the commercial product. A very complete collection of articles manufactured from asbestos, also samples of the mineral in its natural state may be seen at any time in the Geological and Mineralogical Museum situated in the basement of Ontario Hall. A vote of thanks was tendered the Professor for his interesting and instructive address.

As an actual example of a foreigner's struggle to acquire the English language, we append the following letter written in July last. The writer, a Hollander, had a sub-contract to clear right of way for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. His orthography is good, but otherwise the letter is quite amusing.

To G. T. P. Employment Office,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir—

"With this I account you that we—4 piece workers of it, 'Right of way' work here—have fixed up four miles bush work and well from station 2278 to 2490, township 18, range 18.

We have working about nine weeks for seven dollars per acre, and therein must be 40 acres—look at the hereunder to show widths and cutting off. The Engineer over here don't like to take a look over our work and will pay us—following his book—18 acres about. That book can be from the year 1200 or 1600 and we don't believe in it.¹

After that we have done with three men some extra work without any contract—96 stations. For that work we wanted a dollar per day and board the man. The same money we can earn in this time by farmers.

If we don't wanted to do this last work we cannot getting our money. Same letter as this have we sent to the Dutch consul in Winnipeg, and we asking you kindly what you are meaning about this matter.

Waiting for your answer, our name of the piece workers."

T. Vedenburg,
Wolfsheim, Sask.

¹. The engineer's field book frequently bears a number on the cover. Our Dutch friend evidently thought this number referred to the year of publication.

At the last regular meeting of the Engineering Society a committee was elected to act in conjunction with Prof. Macphail, the Permanent Secretary of the Society. The following year representatives constitute this committee: W. R. Rogers, '07; R. O. Sweezey, '08; M. Y. Williams, '09; and J. G. McDonald, '10.

The replies still keep coming in answer to the circular sent out to graduates. These now amount to twenty-five per cent. of the letters sent, and are uniformly in favor of the information and employment bureau features we are establishing in connection with the Engineering Society.

CANADIAN MINING INSTITUTE.

A meeting of the Eastern Section of the Canadian Mining Institute was held Monday evening, February 25th, in the Geology lecture room. Dr. Goodwin and Capt. John Donnelly, E.M. were re-elected President and Secretary respectively. The following papers were then read and discussed: the first by C. W. Murray on "Systematic Plan Filing;" the second by C. R. McLaren on "Underground Working Methods in the Quincy Copper Mines, Michigan;" and the third by W. J. Woolsey on "Asbestos in Quebec."

These same papers were read again at the annual meeting of the Canadian Mining Institute held in Toronto, March 6-8. Several of our professors and senior mining students attended and listened to papers by some of America's most prominent Geologists and Mining Engineers.

Those of the final year who do their draughting in the attic of the Engineering Building have a complaint to make about bad ventilation. A hinged pane of glass in the sky-light, as in the gymnasium, would solve the problem. At times the temperature is so high that the term "nigger heaven" is by no means inappropriate.

Athletics.

HOCKEY.

THE first game of the final round for the junior inter-collegiate series was played here on Wednesday, February 27th. The ice was in perfect condition and the game fast, until near the end when Queen's forwards were played out. At half time the score was 4-2 and if Queen's had been in as good condition as Varsity, they being much superior stick-handlers, would easily have won. But for the last ten minutes it was all Varsity and only the magnificent work of Bennett in goal prevented defeat: he stopped almost everything in sight, only allowing two shots to pass him. The final score was 4-4.

The second game took place in Toronto on Friday, March 1st. Queen's had reached Toronto in the early afternoon expecting to play before seven o'clock, but for some peculiar reason the match did not come off till late. The ice was poor and the exhibition not startling. Queen's played a plucky

game throughout but Varsity seemed to win without trouble. The greatest fault to be found with the game was the rink. It seems strange to outsiders that Toronto insists, year after year, on having matches played on a shabby little sheet of ice that any country town would be ashamed of. No fine exhibition of hockey could be given in the Mutual Street Rink.

The teams lined up as follows: Varsity:—goal, Rogus; point, Carter; cover point, Stewart; rover, Armstrong; centre, Oldham; left, Douglas; right, Marshall.

Queen's:—goal, Bennett; point, Gaskin; cover point, Lockett; rover, Williams; centre, Meikle; left, Gravelle; right, Roberts.

BASKETBALL.

The final game for the inter-year basketball championship was played between '08 and '09. No student having the necessary nerve to assume the position of referee, Mr. J. Bews, who held the whistle during the match with McGill, consented to officiate. The game was fast and furious from start to finish and at one time Sully and Craig became so strenuous that they had to take a little rest on the side. During the first half '08 scored the most baskets but '09 shot more fouls so the score at half-time was 12 all. During the first few minutes of the second half '08 scored rapidly but were unable to keep the pace and '09 forged ahead and finished with a lead of four points the score being 23-19. The game was the fastest and most evenly contested yet seen in the gymnasium.

The teams lined up as follows:

'08, 19:—defence, W. Craig and H. Fleming; centre, D. Fleming, (captain); forwards, H. Dunlop and G. McCammon.

'09, 23:—defence, A. Neilson and G. Saint; centre, W. Lawson, (capt.); forwards, L. Sully and P. Menzies.

Alumni.

A movement is afoot among Ottawa Regimental Officers to send the blind Trooper Mulloy, injured in the South African War to Oxford University. The desire is to obtain for him a Rhodes scholarship. Mr. L. Mulloy entered Queen's with the class '06 and, after a very successful college course, graduated last year with the degree of B.A. Last session he was critic of the Alma Mater Society.

J. P. Robb, B.A., '04, M.D., '06, of Mountain Grove, has been appointed medical health officer at Arden by the Kennebec Council.

E. H. Pense, B.Sc., '03, is moving from Ottawa to Toronto, being transferred from Georgian Bay survey work to the staff of the Resident Public Works engineer.

T. H. Billings, M.A., '02, will represent Queen's Y.M.C.A. at the World's Conference of College Associations to be held in Tokio, Japan. He recently addressed a meeting of the Y.M.C.A.

Rev. J. G. Dunlop, B.A., '87, M.A., '91, who has been for some time engaged in mission work in Japan, preached on Sunday, March 3rd, in Convocation Hall.

We are sorry to hear that Rev. Robert E. Knowles, B.A., '92, of Galt, was very seriously injured in a recent train wreck on the G.T.R.

G. C. Dobbs, B.Sc., '06, after several somersaults, is now located at Fossil, Alabama, working for the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Co.

The death of Mrs. J. R. Fraser, Uxbridge, née Miss A. Cryan, B.A., a clever and popular student of the class of '98, occurred on February 20th, 1907. She was married in 1899 to the Rev. J. R. Fraser, M.A., '95, of Uxbridge, and is survived by him and her two children. Mrs. Fraser's illness was very brief and the announcement of her death came as a great shock to her many friends, both at college and in the city, with whom she was a great favorite.

Book Reviews.

MISSIONARY PATHFINDERS.

M ISSIONARY Pathfinders, (Musson Book Co., p. 272. Paper 35, cloth 60), is edited by Dr. McTavish, Cooke's Church, Kingston, and is published in connection with the Committee on Young Peoples' Societies of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, with the object of promoting interest in mission study. It consists of a series of short biographies of Canadians who have done distinguished work, whether in the foreign field, as MacKay of Formosa, or in the home field, as Warden, Robertson and Macdonnell. The book cannot fail to arouse in its readers a desire to know more about the men and the work they did; and its object will have been well fulfilled if it arouses in those who cannot be missionaries the spirit that appreciates and helps.—*W. M. H.*

"AMONG THE IMMORTALS."

(William Briggs, Toronto, 1906).

*"To Thee, O living Christ, the Poem great
Writ on all time and all eternity,
On earth and stars and glittering nebulae,
Phrased in man's language on the Scripture scroll,
Graven by God's finger on the human soul
In love's immortal sonnets—Heaven's ode
To erring earth, the mightiest poem of God—
All beauty, love, all pathos, power, romance—
Out: beaming from the God; man's countenance—
To Thee, O Poem, these songs I dedicate."*

The dedication of Mr. Walter Wright's volume "Among the Immortals" gives at once the keynote of the whole. The "Songs and Sonnets from the

Hebrew," as the subtitle calls them, follow the Bible through from Genesis to Revelations, occidentalizing and modernizing the sublime old Hebrew conceptions of the universe, of creation, of God. The third sonnet is a fair example of this process of re-interpretation.

EGO.

I, and the universe, and God! And I
 So small of stature 'twixt the infinites
 Of spirit and of space! What depths, what heights
 Are all about me; what great mysteries lie
 Like suns eclipsed in silence; yet how nigh
 A Presence which intuitive invites
 My sense-bound soul I know and claim its rights,
 And as a god to rise and reign on high!
 The oceans and the continents which are
 Unknown and unexplored within my soul
 Are vaster than the earth, their mysteries far
 Exceeding all the secrets of the pole,
 And native light that pales the brightest star—
 I, more than worlds all fire—doomed at their goal!

Many of the poems, however, are simply appreciations of the characters. Of Joshua, he says,—

"No poet, he, to paint in lines of fire
 Like David, God's benign and marvellous ways,
 But scant of words, crisp, soldier-like in phrase,
 A man of deeds and daring."

And of Paul,—

"O mighty man, of brain imperial
 And heart of fire, whose vast conceptions showed
 The broadening tension of the mind of God."

The great majority of the poems follow the lines indicated in the title, but scattered here and there throughout the book are selections dealing with more modern material and personal themes. It looks a trifle incongruous to see the chronological order from Samuel to Jonathan interrupted by a poem dealing with "Canada and the Recent War Scare," though the author justifies himself by a subheading—"And Saul blew the trumpet throughout all the land." On the whole the treatment of the modern themes is more suggestive of the preacher than of the poet.

Her father stood dazed a moment,
 With the vision overcome—
 Then he clasped her to his bosom,
 And hastened to his home.

"Nevermore," said he, "shall my baby
 Seek in saloons for me.
 I pledge myself forever,
 By the grace of God I'm free."

It is hardly fair, however, to quote these lines. There are not many so afflicting, and the collection is large and varied. The first sonnet quoted is much more characteristic of the tone of the whole,—that of a naturally strong imagination touched to poetic fervor by the sublimities of religion. One more quotation from the poem entitled "*Between.*"

Forward, the sparkling sea
 Of possibility.

Behind, the solid ground
 Of certainty is found.

And I stand evermore
 Upon the wave-beat shore.

Each sunrise flings its gleams
 O'er landscapes rich with dreams.

Each sunset breathes "Farewell"
 O'er things unchangeable.

* * * * *

Each world that sweeps the skies
 Was born in Paradise,

Its orbit mystery
 Its goal reality.

End of all time and sense,
 Eternal permanence."

—M. D. H.

"PUCK OF PUCK'S HILL."

(The McMillan Publishing Co., Toronto, \$1.50).

Most of the books that have fallen to our lot this year to review have been received it is to be hoped with due courtesy. Here comes one, however, which can be genuinely and warmly welcomed, and what is more, pressed to stay in the family and meet the children. Puck makes a careful, kindly guide, and the ten stories related by his friends are all such as can be told to the children who "know neither Doubt nor Fear."

One warm summer afternoon Dan and Una are playing Theatre, with three cows as audience. Their play is *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "a small one which their father has made for them out of the big Shakspeare one," and in the midst of it, in steps little hairy brown Puck himself. They have

a very pleasant chat together, and on successive afternoons he brings them a Norman Knight, a young Roman centurion, and an old Jew, who in turn tell them all sorts of tales of real adventure in the very spots around them,—Pevensey, the March, the old Forge, and so on.

When we say Rudyard Kipling is the author, it is needless to add that the stories are well told, told with splendid vigor and directness. And those who have followed his writings from year to year will not be surprised to find the earlier rough strength of his style brought to a more classic poise and restraint. But his warmest admirers will find cause for congratulation in a certain new warmth and tenderness of manner. There is no need of expurgation, of word or thought or sentiment. A book that every child will be the better of reading, the stronger and better and more obedient.

One of the charms of the book for the grown-up reader,—and there will be at least as many readers over the twenty mark as under,—will be found in the very Kiplingesque poems prefaced to each story. Especially good are *The Song of Mithras*, the *British-Roman Song*, the *Song of the Fifth River* and the *Children's Song*. We quote the last mentioned in conclusion; and advise everyone who has not yet done so to read the whole book.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

*Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.*

Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
Oh! help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
That Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves away,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
 And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
 Forgiveness free of evil done,
 And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

*Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
 For whose dear sake our fathers died;
 O motherland, we pledge to thee,
 Head, heart and hand through the years to be.*
 —M. D. H.

Exchanges.

THE February issue of *The Alfred University Monthly* is the annual class number. We like the idea of a class number. It gives the editors of the magazine a rest, and the readers a change; it develops literary genius, and serves as a sort of souvenir of the various years.

The Viatorian is a bright, newsy monthly, published by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois. The February issue contains a few good essays, one particularly interesting being "The Jesuits as Civilizers;" and also a number of readable poems. The Exchange column is somewhat voluminous, but is well written.

We are glad to add to our Exchange list *The Gong*, a monthly magazine published by the students of University College, Nottingham, England. An interesting feature of *The Gong* is that it contains German and French departments, written by the honor students in those classes with a view of furthering literary knowledge in French and German.

"WHO WOULDN'T BE A FOOTBALL HERO?"

"Oh! Tom," she said, on greeting me,
 In tones of great alarm,—
 "They said that in the game to-day,
 You'd broken your right arm."

I calmed her tender, groundless fears,
 With vehemence and haste,
 And just to prove the arm was sound,
 Slipped it about her waist.

So, nestling close beside me, she
 Smiled sweetly in my face;
 "That's great," said she, "not broken,"
 "Nor even out of place."

The *News Letter* devotes a page to the recognition of a gift of \$50,000 to John Hopkins University, from the heirs of Charles L. Marburg; the condition of the gift being that it shall be used either to establish a professorship, or an endowment fund, to bear the name of Charles L. Marburg.

McMaster University has also been remembered. She is to receive \$60,000 from John D. Rockefeller. Referring to the gift, *The McMaster Monthly* says: "The only taint about John D's. gift is 'taint enough."

Professor,—“Did you look over this work before class?”

Student,—“No, I overlooked it.”

“Is the class of 1907 to wear Caps and Gowns at Graduation?” is a burning question among the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Heretofore Teck. students have not worn caps and gowns, but the seniors have come to the conclusion that it is “just as dignified to build a bridge as to dig up a Greek city,” and a strong plea has been made to the faculty to have the graduating class put on this “last outward sign of academic recognition.”

Sir. Victor Horsley: “In Toronto, in a street a mile long, I have looked in vain for a public house.” (Laughter from backsliders.) He should not have looked in vain—he should have watched the corners as they went past.

Glasgow University Magazine.

Jocoseria.

WITH commendable enterprise, and in preparation for the summer campaign, several of the denizens of Divinity Hall have already staked out sites for moustaches. Those whose foresight prompted them to cease shaving some time ago, have already upon their upper lip what looks like a circumflex accent above a very large O. *Nil desperandum.*

The morning of Feb. 21st will probably go down in history as the day on which the Senior Phil. Class came nearest to having their wrists paralyzed. W--y was exhibiting his marvellous powers as a dictator to quill-drivers. One passage was particularly appropriate,—“Since many cases occur in which one needs the love and sympathy of others—.”

“Hear, hear,” interpolated a voice hoarse and desperate to whom the lack of time forbade a sigh. ’Twould have inspired pity in any one except W--y. —Comments after class,—“Who the dickens is that man Kant anyway?”

“I just wish I had *him* down to copy the rubbish I could spiel off, I’d make him hump a bit too.”

(At noon.) “I’ve been swearing ever since 9 o’clock.”

Garden of Eden. After the first violent quarrel, the man was about to leave the garden when the woman called after him coquettishly, "Adam, take your rib with you."—*Ex.*

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "you may try your hand at writing a short story." In a few minutes, Johnny handed up his slate, on which was written: "us boys all loves our teacher."

In the last debate before the Pol. Science Club, A. quoted lines from Wordsworth in support of his position; B. informed him that if he had read the whole poem he would have found certain lines, which he proceeded to quote in favor of his own argument. A. retorted that if B. had read the whole poem he would have failed to find said lines. Figure it out. We venture the guess that neither one had read the whole poem.

Eyr- (in politics class)—I can't quite see, professor, how men can live together without some kind of political machinery.

Pr-f-ss r Sh-rtt,—Well, as a matter of fact, Locke couldn't see that either.

The Philosopher remarked that there are two periods of life when a man looks to see if his hair is coming out,—at twenty when he inspects his upper lip, at forty when he inspects the top of his head.

H. N. McK. (in debate);—We have great opportunities for studying the beautiful.

La vie est vaine: un peu d'amour,
Un peu de peine—et puis—bon jour.
La vie est brève: un peu d'espoir.
Un peu de rêve,—et puis—bon soir.
La vie est telle, que Dieu la fit,
Et, telle quelle, elle suffit.

Though very valuable marginal readings have been recently inserted by students in books borrowed from the library, yet we understand that the library fee will not be increased.

A London magistrate has declared that a monkey has as much right to use the pavement as a man. This decision will obviate the many vexed questions of classification which would have arisen had the contrary view been held.—*Punch.*

We gather, from a preliminary puff (or two), that a well-known writer is bringing out a book entitled *Smoke*. No doubt it will be issued in volumes.—*Punch.*